

old friend by milfbyers

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Summary:

joyce and hopper sit together after will's first 'episode'.

old friend

Author's Note:

this takes place before season 2.

“So, he had another nightmare?”

Hopper lifted his hand and stuck an unlit cigarette between his lips. It was half past midnight and he was sitting in Joyce’s kitchen. She called 15 minutes ago asking him to come over. “Will- he had another, uh, episode and-”

She had stopped talking and Hopper could hear her hand covering the phone as she spoke to Will, “Go back to bed, sweetie. I’ll be there in a minute, okay?” Soon, the phone was pressed back against her ear, “Can you just come over? Please?”

Now, two cups of coffee (and the question he just asked) were sitting in between them. All three things were still untouched. Joyce sighed and rubbed her eyes. “It wasn’t a nightmare- it was more than that. It was-” Her voice cracked.

“It was more than a nightmare” She repeated, she was talking slowly now, careful to avoid the lump in her throat. “Will wasn’t... Will.” Hopper leaned forward, the cigarette now abandoned in the ashtray. “Did he say anything?”

Joyce shook her head. She grabbed her own pack of cigarettes and lit one. She inhaled and took her time blowing the smoke back out. Hopper knew she didn’t want to talk about this. He knew she was doing all she could to avoid it but Will needed help, needed her and she couldn’t ignore it.

“He was just still- he was frozen and couldn’t hear me or Jonathan,” Joyce reached for the coffee mug, desperate for something to do with her hands. “And he was staring off but I knew we weren’t looking at the same thing.”

Hopper leaned back in his seat and stretched his legs out in front of

him. "Maybe we should go back to-" Joyce cut her eyes at him. "No, Hop. I promised him no doctors."

He rolled his eyes at her but it held no annoyance. She was stubborn but so was he and it was past midnight and he had to work in the morning. He was tired. Tired of this ghost haunting them, tired of the upside down, tired of.. everything. The bags under Joyce's eyes and the slouch in her shoulders told him she felt the same way.

The coffee in front of him had lost the steam rising above but he raised the mug to his mouth anyway. "How about this-" But Joyce beat him to it, "Hopper, don't start trying to "compromise" with me. It isn't going to work." Hopper laughed, it was quiet but Joyce caught it anyway. Her lips moved into a brief smile before she dropped it.

She sipped from her own cold cup of coffee and pulled her legs up in her chair. Her voice was quiet when she spoke, fearful of the defeat she would hear if she spoke too loud, "What am I going to do?"

Joyce's eyes were fixed on a spot of coffee that spilled from her mug. It was small, just a little dot of brown against the table but she refused to look anywhere but. The only sound in the room was the clock ticking above the stove.

"We are going to get through this together, Joyce." Hopper finally spoke, his voice was gentle and he saw the tension ease in her shoulders, even if only a little bit. He leaned over and pulled one of her hands away from her knee and held it in his own.

Her hands were shaking. Hopper ran his thumb over the back of her hand and Joyce let out a deep breath. "We just have to be patient, you have to take it day by day." Joyce opened her mouth to argue with him, to say some quick remark but she thought against it and bit her lip instead.

The clock read in 1:15 and Hopper yawned, "I should get going, I have to be at the station at 8 and you know Flo hates when I'm late." Joyce nodded, "You're lucky she still works for there, Hop."

He raised an eyebrow at her comment, "Ouch." She laughed and put a hand on his arm, it stopped him from going to grab his coat by the

door. "Thank you, Hop. For coming by." He smiled in return, a small one but it was enough for her. It was always was.

"And if- if he has another, we can... talk about maybe going to the doctor." She promised. "But only maybe." Hopper smiled, "Deal."

Author's Note:

do i ship them now? yes. did i write this for anya?
also yes.